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345,468 WORLDS

PER DAY.

UNIMPEACHABLE TESTIMONY.

May 7th, 1889.
After a thorough examination of the *Circulation* Books, Press and Mail Room Reports and Newsletters of Accounts of the NEW YORK WORLD, also the various bills from various Paper Companies which supply the NEW YORK WORLD, as well as the various checks given in payment therefor, we are convinced, and certify, that there were PRINTED AND ACTUALLY CIRCULATED during the Month of March, 1889, a total of TEN MILLION SEVEN HUNDRED AND NINE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED AND TWENTY (10,709,520) COMPLETE COPIES OF THE WORLD.

W. A. CAMP, Manager N. Y. Clearing-House.
G. D. BALDWIN, President American Loan and T. Co.
THOS. L. JAMES, President Lincoln National Bank.

A SIMPLE PROBLEM:

31) 10,709,520 (345,468

Average Number of WORLDS Printed Daily during the Month of March last was

345,468.

Average Number of WORLDS Printed Daily during the last Six Months:

342,206.

IMPORT LAWS.

The case of the boy HERMAN SHAPIRO develops with every new phase a deeper inquiry on the part of his uncles, the Habes, as to the cause of his disappearance. He had to mournfully avow his powerlessness to grant the release.

Is it credible that an illegal thing cannot be remedied by the law?

Are parents to have their children torn from them irrevocably at the caprice of a Society which constitutes itself arbiter of their fates?

The very atmosphere of any American city would blast such tyranny in quick time. But there should be no delay. No stronger argument than this case could be advanced for the bill which last year, whereby the authority to rectify such abuses as this was determined.

Can any one doubt the need of that bill in the face of such a case as this?

CRIME CYCLES.

The Minister of Foreign Affairs was shot at in Yokohama, Prince William of Wurtemberg was shot at in Ludwigsburg, Police Commissioner ANDERSON was shot at in Dayton, at the same time. Is there a wave of crime that travels like a scorching throb, making weak men fall into the same iniquities at widely severed points?

The concurrence of several examples of the same class of criminal endeavor, which is seen so frequently, seems to lend support to this theory.

Does epidemic immorality belong to the field of science rather than to that of ethics? Who knows?

ONLY SKIN DEEP.

"Fair Harvard" has been fair enough to elect a negro class orator. The gray of his cerebral region was regarded as more than offset by his black cuticle. Yale has also disinclined prejudice toward a dusky skin in view of the stout muscles and pluck which it covered. A colored man has been elected one of the football eleven.

Harvard is ahead. Yale chose one kicker, her rival let 124 into the "campus." Cambridge kickers, however, lost their goal. They were outwitted by one. A man is like a book—what makes it good or bad is not the binding.

MUSICAL EDUCATORS.

The Teachers' Musical Association, founded last June, has begun taking lessons in vocal music. The teachers wish to fit themselves to teach their pupils this gracious art.

Such a desire is commendable. Nothing is more refining than music, and the taste for it is almost radical in human nature. It is a study which is highly recreative, and as a relief to severer quests for knowledge will do children in the schools a double service. But no more practical study should be retrenched. This would be to make an evil of what should be an unqualified good.

Two young swells are going to Africa to fight lions. If they down the lions, they will come back home themselves. If the lions down them, they will become lions too, in part—African lions. So they will be lionized anyhow.

One of the ferrets set upon the rodents of the White House has not been heard from since he got into a hole. This may mean an unequivocal triumph for the American rat.

Yet the HARRISONS sympathize with the ferret. Baby McKee has not been heard from.

A policeman pursuing a pickpocket in a dark street banged away with his pistol and drove a hot bullet into the abdomen of a perfectly innocent man in the neighborhood. It doesn't seem quite imperative to shoot at random in the dark at a pickpocket. As the result has shown in the present case this policy is poor protection for the citizen. Shoot slow.

Today, for the first time, this season's League championship pennant was flung to the breeze, and, naturally enough, it floated from the flagstaff of the champion evening newspaper, THE EVENING WORLD.

The Giants and THE EVENING WORLD have won many a fairly fought battle.

Was PIA, Empress of Portugal, thinking of another Imperial mother when she kissed her son CARLOS, just declared incumbent of the throne of the death of LUIS had vacated, and said: "May I never love the Emperor less than I have loved my son?"

ELLEN TERRY doesn't see why a woman shouldn't smoke if she craves to. Look out, Miss TERRY, or they will think you care to.

SPOTLETS.

Even a murderer has his friendly impulses. "Come and see me kill a man," was the cordial invitation of Farmer Dyer, of West Virginia, to a neighbor. Then he went out and filled another neighbor chock full of lead slugs.

John Harrison, having no music in his soul, unmercifully slugged his bedfellow in a downtown lodging-house for persistent snoring.

Dr. Menges, of Dubuque, had stood many a heart-sick and breath of promise suit, but a German girl's photograph brought down his colors and he went across seas to seek and marry the original.

The flowers are withering, though the woods are bright with autumn tints. The flowers are wearing their golden and autumnal robes and show. —Boston Courier.

The vane is in tears but has been found at Hartford. It's a pure white English sparrow.

A baby in Cincinnati was over five feet high and weighed 15 pounds at birth. He was a giraffe, born at the Zoological Gardens.

It isn't best to try to hurry fortune. A St. Lawrence County youth, though acquitted by a jury, sees other heirs get the property of the grandfather whose demise he expedited by the use of poison.

Money can't save the mind. A huge \$12,000 package was found under a false bottom in the trunk of a crazy suicide at Winona.

The principle of the reptile extends even into the reptile kingdom. A king snake in Georgia was seen to swallow a fellow-wiggler, and took only twenty minutes to do it.

The air of luxury is infectious. The head ferret, employed in the hope of ridding the White House of rats, has disappeared, and the theory is that he is napping after an over-indulgence in the blood of rodents.

There are different ways of remembering the Sabbath Day. While a west-side minister was keeping it holy, his son remembered it only to open the side door of his saloon instead of the front.

Broome County farmers' daughters will hold a tight rein on their husbands. They've just had a record-making contest in quick harnessing and driving at the County Fair.

POLITICAL ECHOES.

Col. Cavanaugh, of the Sixty-ninth Regiment, is talked of as the possible Tammany candidate for Congress in the Sixth District, in the event of the election of Congressman Frank T. Fitzgerald as Registrar.

To-night the County Democracy of the Ninth Congressional District will induce the election by Tammany Hall of Anson J. Cummings as the successor of the late Congressman S. S. Cox.

James J. Flynn would like to be the County Democracy candidate for Alderman in the Sixteenth District. He is very popular in some of the election districts, notably the Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Twenty-third.

All that remains of the United Labor party has become the Legislative Reform party with ballot reform for its war cry. It has already nominated John J. Murphy and John Keegan for the Assembly in the Fifteenth and Seventeenth districts respectively.

The Republicans of Kines County hope to capture four of the twelve representatives in the Assembly from that county this Fall. But two of the districts have been counted Republican heretofore. The nomination will be made today.

Tammany Hall Assembly conventions will be held in all the districts next Wednesday night and the Aldermanic conventions on the following night. The County Democracy conventions for nominating Aldermen and Assemblymen will be scattered throughout the week at the convenience of the district leaders.

Thomas M. Hart wants to have another try at Assemblyman Hagan as the County Democracy candidate for Assembly in the Gas-House District. He thinks he can be elected this year.

ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

John B. Day, President of the New York Baseball Club, and Bowler Extraordinary of the New York Athletic Club, intends taking the cinder-path next Spring under the tutelage of James E. Sullivan.

William C. Day, Jr., of the New York Athletic Club, is very much in business, or, to use an elegant and expressive term, is "stuck" on the cinder-path. He is a wonder, and he is a wonder to his rivals. He is a wonder to his rivals. He is a wonder to his rivals.

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Nervous People

Who takes Hood's Benger's Food? It gives you complete and permanent control of your nerves. By regulating the digestion it also overcomes dyspepsia and disagreeable feelings in the stomach, cures heartache and heartburn. It is action on the blood impurities are expelled and the whole body is benefited.

Hood's Benger's Food is sold by all druggists. \$1.00 a box. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

\$4,000 A DAY WITHOUT WORK.

Death of One of the Noted Oil Region Millionaires.

The death of James M. McCray, at his residence in Franklin, at 12.10 A. M., Oct. 14, says an Oil City letter in the *Pittsburgh Dispatch*, will bring to the minds of many of the old-timers of the oil regions the recollection of the palmy days of oilhood, when money flowed like water and the bootlickers would go down to bet upon his wealth with the utmost nonchalance.

Late in the 60's, about 1868-9, one of the largest wells of the district was struck on the McCray farm, owned by the subject of our sketch. Oil at the time was ranging in price from \$5 to \$7 per barrel, and inside of six months McCray's production was netting him over \$4,000 per day.

Great was the excitement that followed and fabulous amounts were offered for his farm or a lease for a part of it. Having enough ready money for his moderate wants he refused to offer and a word the bulk of his production in enormous iron tanks, declaring "he would hold it until it was worth \$10 a barrel," until he had over 200,000 barrels stored in different sections of the country, where it stood unguaranteed and was the prey of every dishonest man in the section.

One party, consisting of three men, tapped his tanks in what is now known as the Third Ward of Oil City, and stole over 20,000 barrels, smuggling in value to the extent of about \$100,000. Owing to the fact that they had not substituted water for the oil the loss was not discovered for some time, when they were arrested.

Notwithstanding the fact that their guilt was clearly proven, he allowed them to compromise by paying about a third of what the stolen oil was worth. After using several casks of \$5 per barrel for the balance, he finally sold it at a trifling over \$1 per barrel, taking in part payment therefor his present residence in Franklin.

Noted far and near for his generosity and public spirit, it was no wonder that he was the prey of sharpers of every description, but such was his disposition up to the last that no man, worthy or unworthy, was allowed to go away from him without a good thing.

It was a standing saying in this section that when every other means was exhausted to secure a lease from the old gentleman it was not necessary to send a man to the well, but to go to the gate of a poor widow in distress, and with the aid of her son would, by working on the old man's sympathy, accomplish what the sharpest business man with plenty of money failed to do.

PRETTY PRINCESS MARGUERITE.

She Will Soon Wed Her First Cousin, the Young Duke of Orleans.

More royal marriages are now much discussed, says a Paris letter to the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. The latest alliance (though the engagement is not yet officially announced) is that of Prince Baudouin, eldest son of the Count de Flandres, the future King of the Belgians, to the Princess Helene, second daughter of the Count de Paris.

She is quite a pretty girl, like all the younger princesses of the Orleans family, she has been highly educated and is very accomplished.

The rumor of the engagement of the Princess Marguerite, the second daughter of the Duke de Chartres, has received indirect confirmation by the appearance in the windows of the photographer's shop of a photograph of the young princess, who is now upon her way to the Duke of Orleans, eldest son of the Count de Paris.

The Princess is the beauty of the Orleans family, and she and the Duke are both of the same age, having been born within a few weeks of each other early in 1869.

The marriage is not to take place, it is stated, until the young couple shall have attained their majority.

It ought never to take place at all. The Orleans family have practised the pernicious royal custom of endowing their children with a large fortune, and they run riot among the younger branches, and this projected alliance will unite in wedlock two first cousins, each with an offspring of a marriage between first cousins.

FROM FASHION'S WHIRL.

The daughters of Sir Morell Mackenzie, who captured the Cockburn prize at the regatta race a month ago, have innocently enough become the admiration and model of the ladies in the various country clubs. These lovely athletes who, row, punt and paddle have sent abroad for heads of the Mackenzie girls, and the pictures are expected in every mail.

The only make-up Mr. Mackenzie resorts to is a bit of paint for her eyes and eyelashes black for her lashes. Face veils are a new mode with a half hoop of fine wire by means of which the dotted net can be squeezed to fit any sort, size or shape of hat or bonnet. As yet the wire veils are only made in plain and dotted black net. The price is 60 cents, and the sale is enormous.

At first-class canine hotels black and tans are boarded at the rate of \$20 a month, and Skyes at \$25, the extra charge being for combing. Toy terriers are as hard to raise as bay babies, and the owners of the precious little brutes pay at the rate of \$1 for board and berth.

Fashionable ladies carry corgies to the extent of having bonnet pins tipped with animals' heads. Grinning monkeys, open-mouthed lions, dogs with hanging tongues, whiskered cats and beautifully chased horses are a few of the conceits in pin-heads.

And now for flower-tinted handkerchiefs of silk bolting cloth. Price \$7. How many do you want?

STOLEN RHYMES.

October Pleasures.

Soon to the woods the maid will go
The United Autumn leaves to gather.
Oh! how sweet is Autumn weather.

How many loves have been confessed!
How many hearts have been made true.
How many dainty ladies are pressed
Before the leaves receive their presage!

See how they to each other cling
How they to each other cling!
Ah, were it not a blessed thing
To see them thus, and hear them sing!

Too soon, alas! the dream will fade,
Too soon will come the husband's labors
To see the lady thus, and hear her sing
As daintily as are his neighbors.

—Boston Courier.

The Lost Novel.

Alas! my Summer novel,
I thought I lost it long ago.
The day I rashly bought it,
A friend was standing by.

Forth with the book he bowed,
To be returned that night.
And since that fatal moment
It has been lost to sight.

He lent it to his cousin,
And she enjoyed it so.
She lent it to a neighbor,
Who kept it on her nose.

And lent it to her uncle,
Who lent it to his girl.
Who lent it to her sister,
Who, with another girl,
Sent it unto a nephew,
Who lent it to a niece,
Who lent it to a cousin,
And so it went, and so it came,
And now it is a mystery,
And I am left to wonder,
Where it is to be found.

—Boston Traveller.

WITH PEN AND GUN.

Amateur Sportsmen Tell of Wonderful Exploits in the Hunt.

Energetic Competitors for "The Evening World's" Prize.

Experiences that Range from Squirrel to Panther Hunting.

Conditions.

THE EVENING WORLD hereby opens a hunting contest as a timely and interesting feature. The fish story requires a great deal of interest, and tales of adventures with dog and gun will prove no less entertaining. The prize—a double gold eagle—will be given for the best hunting story submitted.

Judge Henry A. Glaser, who is a great hunter himself, has consented to act as judge and award the prize.

They may be as short as the authors desire, but must exceed 200 words in length. The most interesting of the contributions will be published. All competitors should address, *Hunting Story Contest, THE EVENING WORLD, New York City*. This is a great opportunity for the story-telling disciples of Nimrod.

Two Remarkable Shots.

The following happened at Springville, Erie County, N. Y.:

I was hunting ruffed grouse. The foliage was very thick. My setter Dick ran a gray squirrel up a densely thick foliated maple tree. The squirrel ran on a limb in plain sight. I fired at him, and he came down.

While I was pulling another shell in my gun another gray squirrel fell dead at my feet. At the other time I drove a black squirrel up a very tall tree. I could not see the squirrel after he went up in among the leaves, so I got right under the tree and shot almost straight up with the body of the tree as my guide. I couldn't drive him out.

Imagine my surprise when two fat black squirrels came out of the tree. One was hit in the other wounded.

I. S. W., New York City.

He Hugged a Large Sized "Coon."

To the Editor:

Some years ago the farmers in and around Perry County, O., were very much annoyed by coons carrying off their poultry. So a party of half a dozen, with a couple of good dogs, started out one clear, cold night for a regular coon hunt.

With the aid of a bright moon we had no difficulty in striking a trail over the snow and it led to a terrible chase, so much so that all became discouraged except myself and kept it up.

I continued on my own account and a lucky shot was made. The coon was hit and he became a little nervous when I heard a rattling with a popping noise between my feet, and I saw a light in the distance.

Just in time to see a big coon sneaking out with a large fat turkey. Now was my chance, and with one mighty leap I was upon him, and my gun to his ear, when he looks up most pitifully and says, "Oh, blessed Lord! I don't steal no more chickens!"

The Largest Tiger.

To the Editor:

I can talk of tiger and elephant hunts, for my early days were passed in India. One stormy night a wild beast entered my plantation and carried away a beautiful female pet orchid. One I had reared from a small bird. My Indian blood being thoroughly aroused, I was determined to kill the beast.

Myself and four attendants were soon on the trail. Night overcast, my fire was dim, watch and all but one tucked under for the night. Early in the morning we were again on the trail, which led to a dark hole in a hillside. "Go in," I called, "the most dense jungle in India."

Here we killed several small but fierce beasts, yet none large enough to be a tiger. I left the last one search was rewarded. Joris, my guide, had gone some distance ahead and found a tiger. He called to me to follow him. "Go in," I called, "the most dense jungle in India."

My party was soon to the spot. Having instructed my men that I would fire the fatal shot, I started in alone. I fired and the tiger fell. The largest Royal Bengal ever killed, weighing when killed 410 pounds. The skin is now in possession of the Viceroy of India.

Geese Interrupted the Prayer Meeting.

To the Editor:

This happened in Ireland. It is a good, old-fashioned custom for the parish minister to hold fortnightly prayer and praise meetings at some of the farmers' houses in the old country.

One night, a good many years ago, there was such a meeting held in my father's house. The dominion was in the midst of a very eloquent prayer and every one was down on his knees, when the cries of a flock of wild geese were heard overhead.

I could not be still and listen to their war cry; so I grabbed my gun, a muzzle-loader and charged it with black powder. I left the room in a hurry and went out into the garden. I fired and the geese came sailing overhead, and I heard a loud report from the gun.

My party was soon to the spot. Having instructed my men that I would fire the fatal shot, I started in alone. I fired and the tiger fell. The largest Royal Bengal ever killed, weighing when killed 410 pounds. The skin is now in possession of the Viceroy of India.

Thrilling Experience with a Cougar.

To the Editor:

Several years ago on a camping party of three, including myself, ascended Cloud Peak, Big Horn Mountains, in Northern Wyoming. While ascending a precipitous incline about six hundred feet our progress was suddenly obstructed by a huge ledge extending about fifteen feet and elevated about three hundred feet from the roadway. At the further end was a deep recess or cave, and the ledge was a natural barrier to our approach, low growths emanated, indicating the presence of some beast.

Suddenly from the gloom a huge cougar, or mountain lion, sprang upon us, bounding our foremost man to the ground and knocking my gun from my hand. I was in a moment's time in the clutches of the beast, and he began roaring, approaching the brink of the precipice, while we dared not shoot, fearing to hit our companion.

In sheer bafflement I grasped my laser and threw it over the ledge, and the cougar, fearing to hit our companion, dropped it. I pulled on the rope while my other companion dispatched the beast, which clung for a moment, then dropped below.

Our companion ultimately recovered, but the experience was thrilling.

H. A. H., 673 Eighth avenue.

Used Shoe-Buttons for Shot.

To the Editor:

On my way home from a morning's shooting in the Neane woods I saw a wild duck swimming in a creek. I quickly commenced to load my gun, and when reaching down for my pouch I discovered that the seam in my pouch had opened somehow or other and all the shot was gone. My shooting, however, was not spoiled, for the duck was not able to shoot at me. When, to my joy, I happened to glance down and saw the duck on my gun, I was a wick I ripped off seven from the feathers.

\$50 GOLD WATCH \$50

FOR \$38.

One Dollar Weekly.

Having the advantage of ample capital and special trade facilities for purchasing watches in large quantities we are able to offer at the above price and terms an elegant engraved hunting-cum-dinner watch gold watch with a leather strap, and in silver for other first-class American movements. The same time and good value offered by no other watchmaker.

For every gentleman and lady to supply themselves with a handsome, durable and reliable timepiece at such a low price is a rare opportunity. The watch is sold on receipt of postal order or cash with sample.

THE MUTUAL WATCH COMPANY,
100 BROADWAY, N. Y.

DYSPEPSIA.



"IF I COULD ONLY EAT."

Dyspepsia, Distress, Indigestion, Sense of Fullness and Swelling after meals, Flatulency, Wind in Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Bloating, Liver Disease and Constipation generally arise from weakness or disease of the nerves of the digestive organs. The very best known remedy for these uncomfortable and distressing conditions is Dr. Greene's Nerve and Liver Tonic, which restores the impaired digestion, corrects the disordered liver and produces perfect and regular action of the bowels. It is purely vegetable and harmless. All druggists keep it at \$1.00 per bottle.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

Close attention to business and excessive use of tobacco made my nerves very weak and badly deranged my stomach. I had no appetite, lost weight and could not eat or sleep naturally. I took Greene's Nerve and Liver Tonic, and in a few days I was completely cured. I advise all who are complaining to use Dr. Greene's Nerve and Liver Tonic.

JAMES FOSTER,
45 DORRANCE ST., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

COMPLETELY CURED IN A FEW WEEKS.

I suffered much pain, could not eat or sleep well, and felt miserable. I used Dr. Greene's Nerve and Liver Tonic, and in a few weeks I was completely cured. I advise all who are complaining to use Dr. Greene's Nerve and Liver Tonic.